

Rampage #2: Deadlock

by RenegadeLegacy

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Summary: More pointless assasination, and osomn finds fairly unneeded help.

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"Well, hello, Laranja."

Laranja looked up, suddenly startled. "Oh. RenegadeLegacy, right?"

"Ren- yes."

"What are you doing in the Columns?"

"I could ask you the same thing. You aren't a columnist either."

—

\_Why is she being so evasive?\_ Laranja wondered. So she tried another tack.

"Aren't you on Forlay's side?"

RenegadeLegacy nodded. "Prozac Unit."

"Ah."

This conversation seemed to be going nowhere fast.

"I really hate it when people just seem to simply want me out of their hair," RenegadeLegacy began.

Larania's eyes narrowed.

"It's as if they just want to.. control me.."

Now Larania saw where this was going. "Don't waste your time taunting me. It won't work."

"RenegadeLegacy" smirked. "Do the words 'you're in crisis' mean anything to you?"

"I'm not going to keel over and die just for your convenience."

"So cynical. Why do you think I want you dead? If I remember correctly, I was one of those who tried to comfort you."

"The Mailing List and Discussion Forum are neutral ground."

"I don't really care what is and isn't neutral."

Larania gave her a withering glare. "Thank you, Oh Mighty Reassurer, for letting me know you'd just as soon slaughter people on neutral territory."

"My, you think I'm bloodthirsty. And know what? You're absolutely right," she said, bisecting Larania with the same AntiFic blade she'd used to slice through the side of Tent 24.

"Tell your commander," she said softly, "that osomn is on the loose."

~ ~ ~

"What do you MEAN she was tied up under the bed?!"

"What do you THINK she means, Ani\_Bookworm? She means I was tied up under the bed, DUH."

"Okay. Next question. Exactly HOW did you get tied up under the bed?"

"Somehow my split personalities got loose. osomn attacked me."

"Um. Wouldn't you be twins, or something, I mean we never did figure out who your twin was."

"I think we are," RenegadeLegacy said grimly.

"But then.."

"But A) I was totally confused, whereas she seemed to know what the hell was going on-"

"RenegadeLegacy, this isn't the time to swear," Amalin said.

"THIS IS THE PERFECT TIME TO SWEAR, IF THERE WAS EVER A TIME TO SWEAR THIS IS IT!"

"Upset, are we?"

RenegadeLegacy glared at Amalin, but only said, "B) she didn't care if I got injured, AntiFiced or even killed, but I didn't want to hurt her. C) she was better armed."

Everyone just stared.

"RenegadeLegacy," Amalin began, "you have more weapons than you know what to do with."

RenegadeLegacy just nodded. "I know."

Amalin cursed. "Okay, now I'm scared. Let's go."

"Not that we'll probably be in time to keep her away from Meridian," RenegadeLegacy said sadly. "She doesn't know osomn isn't me."

~ ~ ~

Meridian's tent was quiet and empty by the time Amalin, Ani\_Bookworm#1, Joltz, and RenegadeLegacy arrived, adding to Amalin's very bad feeling after what RenegadeLegacy had said of osomn. RenegadeLegacy came in first, loudly noting the large gash in the side of the tent.

And then loudly noting something even more ominous.

As she pulled a blade out of a tent pole, she said, "This. This is osomn's. This is one of osomn's weapons."

She turned to the others and said icily, "I believe that resolves the question of whether osomn got to Meridian yet."

~ ~ ~

osomn was in a very good mood, if the term "mood" can really be used to describe her.

She'd found one of her minor goals in her main aim.

Forcing the door, she walked inside and confronted the inhabitant.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Your help, for a while, peace," osomn informed her fellow violent war-hater. "Your help."

End  
file.